

The House Of The Injured

I found a house in the forest,
small, windowless and dark.

From the doorway came the close,
suffocating odor of blood
and fur mixed with dung.

I looked inside and saw an injured
bird that filled the room,
fluttering against the walls.

With a stifled croaking
it lunged toward the door
as if held back
by an invisible chain.

Its face was an open wound,
the beak half eaten away,
and its heart beat wildly
under the rumpled feathers...

I sank to my knees --
a man shown the face of God.

-- John Haines

The Sad Mad 'Un

I'm sad -- and so tired,
so tired,
so tired,

I'm sad -- and so tired.
Oh, what can -- I do?

Take a walk -- with the children,
the children,
the children,

Take a walk -- with the children.
They'll -- cheer you?

Their voices -- have chilled me,
have chilled me,
have chilled me,

Their voices -- have chilled me.
Oh, what may -- they do?